

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOLUME XIV.—NUMBER 80.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1892.

TWICE A WEEK AT \$2 A YEAR

ON HAND.

We are credited among all wide awake people with having on hand at all times the largest stock in the city in every department of our business. This means we buy in large lots, and can sell at proportionately low prices. Every week novelties. For something new this week we place on sale to-day an exquisite line of

Evening Dress Novelties.

Surpassing anything to be shown elsewhere and much lower in price. There is no disputing our leadership in Dress Goods, we are showing the only exclusive Imported Novelties, and in Plain weaves everything desirable at "wrecking prices."

Dassett's
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

JAPANESE JAP.

SEE The Beautiful Line of These GOODS in

Show Window.

The Most Appropriate PRESENT

The Most Stylish

GOODS.

Elegant Line Souvenir CUPS.

All JAP.

Bryan & Tandy.

THE KIND I LIKE.

I know some people well to do. They're comforted by the scene. Their future seems a peaceful view. Through sweet contentment's door. Yet the same people spend their strength. Though they might take their ease. In proving that throughout its length. Life ever fails to please.

I know another class full well. They walk life's common way. Within a decent house they dwell. And have more work than play. But somehow, though they have enough. Not well their lot is known. Though trouble never has shown rebuff. Life ever fails to please.

Still others in the lower walk. Their story have revealed. Of poverty and cold they talk. And sorrow ill concealed. No wonder these poor people think. As winter comes to freeze. There's but one sentiment to drink: "Life ever fails to please."

But there's another kind of folk. They're sometimes rich or poor. They find this life a check full of jokes. Small troubles they endure. They're just the kind I love to meet. Life's better part they seize. They find existence truly sweet. If never fails to please!

Yes, give me friends with laughing tears. They scatter clouds of grief. There's magic in their hopeful cheers. Their smiles bring glad relief. The cynic and the pessimist. May grieve over their disease. But not me on the laughing list. Where life is found to please!

—Gen. E. Bowen, in *Enter Oceans*.

ONE GIRL'S SUMMER.

A Sacrifice That Brought Its Own Great Reward.

They made an attractive group as they sat in the station waiting for the south-bound train. There was Mrs. Arnold, a plump, smiling matron of forty-five, whose mature charms lost nothing when contrasted with the youthful prettiness of her three slender, stylish daughters.

There was Rob, who had just reached the age when, from being supremely indifferent as to the color of his gloves and the fit of his coat, he had come to regard these questions as of paramount importance. And lastly, there was Eddie, the household pet, who just now was flattening his nose against the window, eager to obtain a view of the train which was to carry them away from the city's dust and heat.

Mr. Arnold, who had been looking after the baggage, came into the room and glanced about him with the peculiar air, noticeable in the heads of so many American housewives, of being scarcely acquainted with his own family. "Give the life of a successful business man is not without its shadows. When Mr. Arnold's children were younger they had been very fond of their father; they were fond of him now, indeed, but with the claims that society put upon them it was seldom they found time to show their feeling."

"Can't you come down to Cliffside a week from Sunday?" Mrs. Arnold asked, as her husband dropped into a seat beside her.

Mr. Arnold shook his head. "I guess not. It's so late Monday before I get back to the city. Perhaps next month I can run down for a day."

He ran his fingers wearily through his gray hair, and his oldest daughter, Helen, noticed an unusual shadow on his worn face. But before she had time to wonder at its meaning a shrill whistle sounded.

Eddie jumped to his feet, exclaiming: "She's tumbling! She's tumbling!" And in the confusion of hasty good-bys all else was forgotten.

Cliffside is charming during the summer months. From the sandy beach the cliffs, which give the place its name, rise tall and majestic toward the sky. Before one stretches the changing sea; behind one the fields slope up to the edge of the forest. There is a fresh breeze at Cliffside on the sunniest day. "In fact, there isn't a resort to compare with it," said Mrs. Arnold that evening as they sat on the hotel piazza, and the rest of the family enthusiastically agreed with her.

That night Helen woke her sister with an excited exclamation: "Grace Arnold! I've forgotten to select the frame for that water color Aunt Mattie wrote about."

"Send Rob back to the city," Grace suggested, sleepily. "Or else write about it."

"Send a boy!" repeated Helen, with an air of contempt. "And I'm not going to write when Aunt Mattie left the matter to my taste. No! I'll go to the city myself to-morrow afternoon, stay over night at home, and then come back in the morning."

And so, unexpectedly, the next afternoon Helen Arnold found herself at home. As she ran lightly up the steps she could not help noticing the gloomy house looked with its closed shutters. "Just as if it had gone to sleep for the summer," Helen reflected as she touched the bell.

The servant who answered her ring looked at her in astonishment. "Why, Miss Helen! Back again?"

"Only for to-night," answered Helen briskly. She looked about the hall and then opening the door peered into the parlor. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "how dismal!"

"It's just what Mrs. Arnold ordered, Miss Helen," explained the girl, anxiously. "She said to close the shutters and cover the furniture and—"

"O, it's all right, of course," Helen hastened to assure her. "I'll look rather gloomy." And then as she went upstairs she said, under her breath: "A whole summer alone in this dreadful house! Poor papa!"

She dashed down to the dining-room at length, dashed and pretty after a hasty toilet. "Don't tell my father I've come, Annie," she said; "I want to surprise him." She slipped into the deep recesses of the window seat and drawing the heavy draperies about her waited for the well-known step.

It sounded in the hall at last, weary and lagging. Mr. Arnold's face, as he entered the dining-room, wore the expectant expression of a man who anticipates an interesting and dining alone for ten cheerless weeks. He hardly tasted the soup the girl brought him, but sat with knitted brows, evidently pondering some business perplexity. Till Helen, slipping from her hiding place, stole up behind him and softly kissed his cheek. "Good evening," she said, brightly.

Mr. Arnold started up. "Helen!" he exclaimed in bewilderment, "how did you come here?"

Helen laughingly explained. "And now," she went on, slipping into the seat opposite him, "I shall expect you to say you're glad to see me." And as she smiled at him, her face took on a certain softness and her eyes were clear and bright.

No Substitutes

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority is privately acknowledged by other manufacturers, and well known by all dealers.

If some grocers try to sell another baking powder in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit. This of itself is good evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off upon you any baking powder in place of the "Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

she would be as entertaining as she knew how.

Before the meal was over Helen Arnold had made an interesting discovery, namely, that her father could be entertaining as well as herself. Moreover, there was a certain agreeable novelty about being taken into one's own father at dinner. Helen could hardly remember when she had enjoyed an hour so much. When they arose from the table Mr. Arnold glanced irresolutely at his daughter. "If you are not too tired, Helen," he said, "I wonder if I couldn't have some music."

"Indeed you may," answered Helen, trying to speak lightly, though the unconscious appeal in his voice had touched her inexpressibly. She went at once to the piano and almost instinctively began to play the simple melodies which harmonized best with the gathering twilight, the hush of the room and her own softened thoughts. And her father, sitting in the deeper shadows, now and then put his hand to his eyes as if to wash away an unbidden tear.

When the long evening was over and Helen went to her father's side to bid him good night, he put his arms about her and held her fast. "This has been like old times, Helen," he said. "I had expected such a lonely evening and this was such a pleasant surprise. I shall think of it very often when I'm here alone. Thank you, my dear. Good night."

Helen kissed him in silence, not trusting herself to make a reply. But as she went upstairs, struggling to keep back the tears, she said to herself: "My poor, lonely father! I'll try after this to be a better daughter."

"You want to spend the summer at home," said Mrs. Arnold the next afternoon. She sat in her room at the Seaside house, and looked at her oldest daughter with a gaze in which condescension and bewilderment were blended. "Helen, you must be crazy. Consider your health!"

Helen gazed at the reflection of her blooming face in the mirror opposite and smiled a little. It hardly seemed necessary to answer that argument.

"Stay in the city all summer," chimed in Grace. "Why, Helen, nobody does that."

"Papa does," answered Helen, quietly.

"You couldn't stand it, Helen," said Laura, the youngest daughter, positively. "You'd die of loneliness!"

"But papa stays there without any of us," persisted Helen.

Grace flushed indignantly. "How absurd you are, Helen. Of course papa does. He always has. It's very different with a man."

But Helen's mind was made up. Unmoved by remonstrances or ridicule, she packed her trunks and went back to the city, not, it must be admitted, without a pang at leaving the cool air of the Cliffside. When her father came home that evening he found her in her pretty tea-gown, with her hair dressed in the most becoming way, waiting to receive him. It was some time before he could be made to understand the change in her plans, but when he at last comprehended her explanation he grew quite pale.

"Give up your summer's pleasure, Helen?" he said. "Indeed, I'm not selfish enough to allow anything of the kind. You must go back to-morrow."

But even then Helen proved obstinate. Not that the way of self-denial was unexpectedly easy. She had many days of loneliness, many gloomy hours, every letter she received from Cliffside made the course she had marked out for herself seem more difficult and unattractive. But the new relation between her father and herself, his grateful tenderness, the change in his face and step, his altered bearing, surely these were enough to recompense for a far greater sacrifice. And, moreover, during the enforced quiet of these long months Helen was making certain surprising discoveries. Among the many "nobodies" who had not left the city for the summer Helen was finding people of intelligence and culture, charming people, people whose names she had hitherto barely found time to remember half a dozen times throughout the busy year. As she now felt the inspiration of these earnest lives, Helen wondered not a little at her previous blindness.

It was perhaps through the influence of these new friends that she found so many new and unexpected opportunities of helpfulness. Her narrow life seemed to have broadened out, her sympathies had widened. One brave act of self-sacrifice had opened her eyes to the distresses of all the suffering world and had brought her into touch with all the loving, sacrificing helpers of humanity.

When Mrs. Arnold came home in September she scented her oldest daughter with some anxiety. "Do you think Helen is well?" she asked of Grace.

"Doesn't she seem changed?" "I think she looks well," Grace answered, doubtfully. "But she certainly seems different in some way."

Helen, overhearing this conversation, smiled a little, for who appreciates the "difference" so fully as one who, having been blind, now sees, or the soul which has wandered long in the fogs of selfishness but comes at last into love's clear sunlight. For her lonely summer, with its crosses and its sacrifices, with its inspirations and its blessings, Helen Arnold from her heart thanked God.—Hattie Lummis, in *Congregationalist*.

Taking It Coolly.

The ship of an admiral, who was the donor of the "Royal" connection, was wrecked. He was placed in command of a second ship, which was also lost and he himself was drowned. Lord Charles communicated the disaster to his father, who merely expressed, with Spartan calmness and brevity, "That's the second ship he has lost." The twin anecdote, so to call it, had reference to Lord Charles himself. Being ordered with his regiment abroad, he felt much concern at bidding farewell to his aged father, whom he might never see again. On his making the announcement, the duke, who had been reading, dampened his emotion by saying, shortly: "Good-by."

Mr. Critt— "Probably because she knows she is the reigning belle."—*Inter Ocean*.

"Keep quiet, my friend, and don't kick," said the highwayman to the passenger. "Remember that contentment is better than riches."

THE GARDEN SLUG.

A Little Pest That Is as Ferocious as a Wildcat.

There is a sort of slug which embraces a large family of mollusks without shells. More accurately speaking, they possess shells, but wear them inside and not outside of their bodies. Like the marine slugs they have each a single small bone, which is so far rudimentary that in certain varieties it has all but disappeared. Roughly speaking, they may be classed in the animal kingdom as shell-less snails.

One species, called the "testacella," plentiful in Europe, is one of the most ferocious of living creatures. It is a true predaeous mollusk, representing on the land the cuttle-fish of the sea. In cunning and fierceness it is not inferior to the tiger or the shark. Its prey is chiefly earth worms, which it hunts under the ground. When the worm has the start of its pursuer the slug will often intercept it by tunnelling across its line of retreat.

The testacella will devour a worm much longer than itself, seizing it by the middle and holding it until the quarry is exhausted by its efforts to escape. Then the captor pulls off and swallows one-half of the victim, and after that is digested it finishes its meal with the other portion. For this purpose its mouth is furnished with strong and sharp curved teeth, which enable it to keep a firm hold and to tear the flesh of the game it catches.

When the testacella has scented prey it glides softly toward it so as not to cause alarm, and fastens its jaws upon an unprotected part of the worm. The latter has its body rings furnished with stiff bristles, so that the slug tries to get its bite in between the rings. Then it simply holds on until the captive succumbs. Other slugs and snails also are attacked and gobbled by this predatory mollusk, which is nocturnal in its habits, sallying forth in the night on its ravaging expeditions.

This curious animal frequents gardens, where the rich earth contains worms in plenty. It lives to be five or six years old. In winter it buries itself deep in the ground, where it remains torpid. Its eggs look like hen's eggs on a small scale. If they are taken out of the earth where they are laid and exposed to the air they burst into pieces like diminutive bombshells, the fragments flying for quite a distance.

Most species of slugs are vegetable feeders. In Europe they are very numerous and do great damage to vegetation, especially in England. The foreign varieties have all been imported to this country, but they seem to inflict no injury here—conditions, presumably, being unfavorable with their propagation. It is hardly necessary to say that they were not brought over by design. One kind, which may have been fetched out on wine barrels, has become unpleasantly numerous in damp cellars on the side of the water. It attains a length of four inches and is called "limax maximus."

In Portugal is found a giant slug six inches long. Its first cousin, the "arion," is quite as big and is very plentiful on the Pacific coast, and especially in the state of Washington, where it has a disagreeable way of dropping from the trees. The "limax campestris" is a smaller variety found all over the interior of this country, in the woods beneath the bark of trees and wherever it is damp. An imported kind that has become fairly numerous here, likewise of moderate size, is called the "limax agrestis." There are many other species in this part of the world, both native and exotic. Slugs are air-breathing animals. Their eyes, on stalks like a crab's, have sharp sight, and their other senses are believed to be quite keen.—*Washington Star*.

REMEMBER

We are presenting to each purchase of a "High Art" Suit or Overcoat costing \$15.00 or over

A Genuine Imported Stem Wind SWISS WATCH.

This is an opportunity to get a watch for nothing, that you will not always have

We are still taking orders for French Calf Boots made in our own shop at \$6 a pair.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS

YOU WON'T EXPECT To find such a splendid assortment of new and popular styles as we shall show you when you shall call to SEE our new line of goods.

YOU WON'T EXPECT To find such high grade, honest quality, first-class goods as we shall show you when you call to ADMIRE our new line of goods.

YOU WON'T EXPECT To find such a uniformly low scale of prices on every article in stock as we shall make when you call to BUY our new line of goods.

WE ARE DOING WORKING WONDERS, SELLING WONDERS, WONDERS.

In Goods of the Latest Style and Best Quality.

THOMAS RODMAN,

DEALER IN

FOOT--WEAR EXCLUSIVELY,

103 MAIN STREET.

HOCKER BOOT A SPECIALTY.

NEW FALL CLOTHING.

I can truthfully say without fear of contradiction, we have the Best Selected Stock of CLOTHING ever shown in Hopkinsville.

NEW STYLES, NOBBY STYLES. FITTING GARMENTS, EXCLUSIVE PATTERNS, and LOWEST PRICES. FOR FIRST CLASS GOODS.

Before you buy your fall suit or overcoat give us a call.

SAM FRANKEL,

Opposite Yates' Jewelry Store.